Digressing from the valour of a man,
Thy deare loue sworne but hollow periurie,
Killing that loue which thou hast vowd to cherish,
Thy wit, that ornament, to shape and loue,
Misshapen in the conduct of them both:
Like powder in a skilleſſe souldiers flaske,
Is set a fier by thine owne ignorance,
And thou dismembred with thine owne defence.
What rowse thee man, thy *Iuliet* is aliue,
For whose deare sake thou wast but lately dead.
There art thou happie, *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou slewest *Tibalt*, there art thou happie.
The law that threatned death becomes thy friend,
And turnes it to exile, there art thou happie.
A packe of blessings light vpon thy backe,
Happines courts thee in her best array,
But like a mishaued and sullen wench,
Thou puts vp thy fortune and thy loue:
Take heede, take heede, for such die miserable.
Go get thee to thy loue as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua*,
Where thou shalt liue, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince and call thee backe,
With twentie hundred thousand times more ioy
Then thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Go before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heauie sorrow makes them apt vnto,
Romeo is comming.

Nur. O Lord, I could haue staid here all the night,
To heare good counsell, oh what learning is:
My Lord, ile tell my Lady you will come.

Ro. Do so, and bid my sweete prepare to chide.

Nur. Here

Nur. Here sir, a Ring she bid me giue you sir:
Hie you, make hast, for it growes very late.

Ro. How well my comfort is reuiu'd by this.

Fri. Go hēce, goodnight, & here stands al your state:
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the breake of day disguise from hence,
Soiourne in *Mantua*, ile find out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time,
Euery good hap to you, that chaunces here:
Giue me thy hand, tis late, farewell, goodnight.

Ro. But that a ioy past ioy calls out on me,
It were a griefe, so briefe to part with thee:
Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter old Capulet, *his wife and* Paris.

Ca. Things haue falne out sir so vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue our daughter,
Looke you, she lou'd her kinsman *Tybalt* dearely
And so did I. Well we were borne to die.
Tis very late, she'le not come downe to night:
I promise you, but for your companie,
I would haue bene a bed an houre ago.

Paris. These times of wo affoord no times to woo:
Madam goodnight, commend me to your daughter.

La. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night shees mewed vp to her heauines.

Ca. Sir *Paris*, I will make a desperate tender
Of my childes loue: I thinke she will me rulde
In all respects by me may more, I doubt it not.
Wife go you to her ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her here, of my sonne *Paris* loue,
And bid her, marke you me? on wendsday next.
But soft, what day is this?

Pa. Monday my Lord.

Ca. Monday, ha ha, well wendsday is too soone,
A thursday let it be; a thursday tell her

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